Puppy Love

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/26851072.

Rating:
General Audiences

Archive Warning:
Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Category:
Multi

Fandom:
Julie and The Phantoms (TV)

Relationship:
Alex/Luke Patterson (Julie and The Phantoms)

Characters:
Alex (Julie and The Phantoms), Luke Patterson (Julie and The Phantoms), Reggie (Julie and The Phantoms), Bobby | Trevor Wilson

Additional Tags:
Coming Out, two boys in love, Puppy Love, Sunset Curve, alex x luke, alex/luke - Freeform, Alex Has A Sibling (Julie and The Phantoms), Alex Has Anxiety (Julie and The Phantoms), Alex coming out, No homophobic slurs or anything, some not so nice stuff is said by his parents, nothing in too much detail, did I base this off of the first time I came out to my parents, loosely, I just need more about these boys, Past Alex/Luke Patterson (Julie and The Phantoms), But also current?, I might get to 2020

Language:
English

Stats:
Published: 2020-10-06 Words: 1,800 Chapters: 1/1

Puppy Love

by Kadenwalsh

Summary

A look back at Alex and Luke's relationship when they were still alive.

Notes

Hey guys! Please let me know what you think of this, and if you want more! I'm thinking of writing a part two, possibly multiple parts, but i'm not sure yet.

1993

“I’m gay,” Alex said suddenly, unable to hold it back any longer. They were in the middle of one of the first rehearsals for Sunset Curve, and after the first hour decided to take a water break. Alex knew that if he was going to tell them, it had to be now.
The three boys look up from what they were doing and over at him, a little surprised at the intensity of his outburst.
“Okay,” Luke said, going back to tuning his guitar.
“Okay? That’s it?” He looked at the other two boys who just nodded, “I tell you my deepest darkest secret and all you have to say is okay?”
“It doesn’t change anything,” Reggie says,” You’re still our best friend.”
“Yeah,” Bobby gets up and moves over to Alex’s drum set, “The only difference is now I won’t have to worry about you stealing all the girls for yourself when we get famous,” Bobby smirked as he nudged Alex’s shoulder, causing the blond to laugh a little.
“So… you guys don’t hate me?”
“No!” They all say, almost in unison.
“We love you for you, not cause of who you love.”
They kept practicing for another hour or so, and Alex had never felt so relieved. His best friends still loved him, and that was all that really mattered.

1994

He honestly didn’t even know what his parents were saying anymore, he just sat there, hopefully looking as if he was paying attention to them and not dying inside. The clock behind their heads read 10:30, they had been talking at him for an hour now, and he saw no end in sight.
Why did he decide to come out to them now? Oh, right, they found the song he had been trying to write for Luke. He should’ve just changed the pronouns, but he knew it wouldn’t feel right, even if I was just for now.
“Are we clear?”
Alex nodded, still trying to hold himself together.
“You can go now.” His parents focused back on each other and he got up to leave but thought of something right before he headed back upstairs.

“I can still be in the band right?” He could see the gears turning in their heads, and he prayed to whoever was up there that they would let him.
“We’ll talk about it in the morning. Go to bed.” Well, it wasn’t an outright no.

Once he was back in his room, he knew that he had to get out, pacing or tapping out a rhythm on the bed weren’t going to calm him down at all. Looking around his room, he grabbed his journal, sticks, and some clothes stuffed them into his backpack, and went to his window. He lived on the second story, but once he got onto the roof, he would be able to crawl his way to the side gate and jump from there. As soon as his feet were on the ground, he took off running.
The studio was only a couple of blocks away, they rented it from a nice older couple in exchange for helping them around the house or yard, and as soon as he was in eyesight, the tears that he had been holding back all night started to fall. He was able to make it into the garage before his legs gave out, falling against the closed door and just sobbing into his knees.
He knew his parents didn’t think that being gay was okay. A couple of times, when he was going downstairs for water late at night, he had had them talking in hushed tones about the whole ‘disease’ and how grateful they were that none of their kids would turn out like that, or how a certain person they knew was never going to settle down because, well, you know. Part of him was still glad that they didn’t kick him out, but was the alternative really that much better? They wanted him to lie, to hide the part of him that they didn’t like because it was ‘disgusting’. They told him he was just acting out for attention as if being in a rock band wasn’t enough.
The words he had tried to block out were swirling around his head, and he felt like he was suffocating, drowning in hurtful words that came from the people who were supposed to love you unconditionally? That’s what the bible said right? Unconditional love meant no conditions, not I love you as long as you like girls?
The door behind him suddenly opened up, sending him flying backward into whoever had just opened it.
“Alex?”
“Luke?” Luke was staring down at Alex, guitar case in hand.
“What are you-” He crouched down, helping Alex back to his feet, but paused when he saw the tears falling down his face, “Are you okay?”
Breaking down again, Alex just shook his head and followed as Luke brought him over to the couch.
“It’s okay ‘Lex, I’m here.” Luke sat on the couch, letting Alex lay with his head in his lap.

They stayed like that for a while, an hour, a few minutes, Alex didn't know. All he knew was that Luke was there and that he loved him. He was finally able to calm down enough to say,
"They found out," and then broke into another round of sobs.
"Oh, baby, I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry." Luke kept talking, saying comforting things to him, but he didn't actually hear what they were, the sound of his voice was enough to finally get him to calm down again.
"Did they…?"
"No, but they might as well have. Can we just, not talk about it right now?" Alex sat up, wiping his face with the backs of his hands, "Why are you here?"
Luke brought his feet up onto the couch, and curled into Alex's side, knowing they both needed the physical contact right now.
"Just another day at the Patterson house, me failing another quiz, mom yelling, dad trying to be the moderator but neither of us willing to listen," Luke sighed, "But nothing I can't handle, just needed some space."
"I get that."
They two boys sat in silence, both comforted by the love they had for the other. It was no secret that the boys of Sunset Curve loved each other, and they weren't afraid of being called gay or being made fun of for hugging or touching the others the way they did, because that's just who they were. If they were making up for what they weren't getting at home, well, no one needed to talk about that.
"They were going through my room." Alex fidgeted with the hem of his shirt but once Luke noticed, which was pretty quickly, he took the blond's hand in his own.
"I, uh, I guess I left my journal out and when they found it they… they went through it." Both boys tensed, one out of anger, and the other because of what came next, "I wrote a love song about a boy, and they read it. "
"Alex, you don't-"
"I do. If I don't it's just going to sit in my brain and- and… I-" Luke squeezed his hand in acknowledgment, waiting for him to continue.
"When I got home, I knew something was wrong. My parents were being weird and both my sisters were in bed already, which only happens when I get in trouble and-" He took a breath, "before I could go upstairs they asked me to sit down with them in the living room."
Luke held his hand the whole time he told the story, squeezing it at the worst parts. He didn't know what he would do without Luke in his life. Reggie and Bobby were amazing and he loved them, but his relationship with Luke was different, more intimate, and maybe that's why he was crushing so hard on him.

“And then you showed up.” He didn’t go into the exact details of what his parents had said, but Luke knew his parents- had heard some of what they thought about ‘those people’, “I don’t want to keep pretending to like girls but I can’t just leave them.” Luke just nodded.
“They’re not the best but I- they’re my family.”
“We’re your family too.” Luke was looking at Alex, their faces only an inch or so apart, “I’m your family too.”
“It was about you,” Alex blurted out, then cursed himself for it. Why did he say that? Sure Luke was really close to him, and the look in his eyes was something that, if he wanted to go there, looked like more than just brotherly love. But Luke was straight! And his best friend!
“What?”
“The song I wrote… It was about you.” Alex couldn’t look at him, terrified of what he knew would be a pitying look on his face.
“You wrote... A love song, about me?” He didn’t sound mad, so Alex chanced a look back at Luke. Instead of a look of pity, The other boy’s face was colored in confusion. Alex just nodded.
“Why?”
“Why?” Did he really not get it?
“Yeah, why would you write a love song about me?” This time they made eye contact, and Alex held it. If he was going to lose his best friend he might as well do it with dignity.
“Because I’m kind of in love with you?” Luke looked like Alex had asked him to quote Shakespeare or something, confused and way too focused on something that he could not understand.
“Screw it,” Alex said under his breath. He put both hands on Luke’s face and kissed him. Luke was frozen under him and realizing that this had probably been a terrible idea, Alex moved back into his own space.
“Oh,” Luke said, finally getting it.
“Yeah, oh.” When Luke doesn’t respond Alex tries to talk his way around it, anxiety getting the best of him.
“I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have just kissed you like that. I just- you weren’t getting it and I didn’t know what else to do. And you were right there and at the time I thought it was a good idea but now I’m starting to realize how dumb that was. I should’ve just waited for you to-” Alex was cut off by Luke’s lips on his own.
“I love you too,” Luke said as he broke the kiss, “I guess I just had a hard time processing the fact that you actually love me too.”
“How could I not?” Alex smiled softly, he was definitely looking at Luke like a freaking lovesick puppy, but Luke was looking at him the same way, so maybe it was all going to be okay.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!